

# Torrance Herald

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REID L. BUNDY - Managing Editor

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## The Airport Proposal

The taxpayers of Torrance are being offered something for nothing in the airport improvement proposal to be decided on the municipal ballot in April.

The Airport Revenue Bond proposal would authorize issuance of bonds in the value of \$1,225,000 to finance needed improvements on the Torrance airport, and the cost of the bonds would be borne by those using the airport, not the taxpayers.

Spokesmen for industry, who are concerned about tax costs because of their heavy investments, have publicly backed the plan and one spokesman, Fred Mill, said industry would "guarantee" that it wouldn't raise tax rates.

Under the proposal as drawn up by the city, the funds would be used to provide a safety zone at the west end of the airport, and would provide sewers, water, and other utilities to areas of the airport which cannot now be used.

The opening of new areas of the airport would increase the potential revenue of the facility, revenue which would be used to repay costs of the bond issue.

At the present time, the airport property, owned by the city since 1948, provides employment to 1,300 people with an annual payroll of more than \$8 million, members of the Chamber of Commerce were told this week. Retail sales taxes collected from commercial establishments total \$200,000 annually of which the city gets one-fourth, or \$50,000. This figure should be greatly increased if development of the facility can be increased.

The HERALD believes that Torrance has come up with a sound plan to develop the valuable airport property, a plan that calls for the financing to be shared by those who benefit directly.

The indirect benefits, however, will accrue to the entire city, and the taxpayer won't be asked to ante up his tax dollars for it.

It sounds almost like Utopia.

## Opinions of Others

One thing kids can't understand is why a country that makes nuclear bombs would outlaw firecrackers. — *Waltham (Mass.) News-Tribune.*

LIFE'S LIKE THAT

By FRED NEHER



ROYCE BRIER

## Fidel May Be Sharing His Power Over Cubans

The original and crucial resource of mankind is land. All other resources, excepting fisheries, are related to it. Since the Stone Age, distribution of land has engendered human struggle. It is still the primary concern of men.

Nowhere is the modern struggle more intense than in Latin America. We have the landless, or almost landless, peasant, and the propertyless proletariat. The non-Marxist revolutionaries always promise land. The whole Marxist dynamic system is founded on redistribution of land.

Fidel Castro's success had no other impetus when he was posing as a non-Marxist revolutionary (fooling us and many of the Cubans). His first act was to set up a land body, the National Land Reform Institute, dedicated to confiscation and redistribution of Cuba's land.

As most Cuban industry—sugar, tobacco, coffee, chemi-

cal—is based on land, the institute absorbed the whole Cuban economy. Senior Castro was president, which gave him a leverage for totalitarian rule.

His other hat was worn as a rabble-rousing Premier, lashing out at the Yankees. This was important, but the substance of his power was land.

A quiet little news story cropped up recently in Havana. One Carlos Rafael Rodriguez was named president of the land institute. He was an open non-Marxist.

Cuban experts are momentarily puzzled, but not overlooking the obvious possibility that Castro may be slipping. For some months there have been unverified rumors and vague signs of a shift of power in Cuba.

The hypothesis is that Castro is becoming, or may already be, the television-har-

angue front for the real manipulators of powers.

Should this develop as reality, it would not surprise students of the Marxist process and state. Communism, with its preoccupation with dialectic and disdain for fidelity on human grounds, lends itself to factional combinations producing change. We are likely to overlook this in the long reign of Stalin, but it has been sharply manifested in such satellites as Romania and Bulgaria. All the "great" Marxist-Leninists of the 1940s are now powerless or dead. They boxed themselves in usually over method or interpretation of the Word, and conspirators crushed them.

This may not be Castro's case, but if it is not, he is an exception. Excepting the bloody (and lucky) Stalin, an air of impermanence has always brooded over any Marxist political system we have encountered.

Mr. Barron, a big eater. ate

## Be Careful Who You Stop For!



THIS WILD WEST by Lucius Beebe

## Interlude Among Hungry Moguls Amazes Onlooker

A few weeks back the author of these occasional and fugitive comments was asked to attend a convocation of the ranking overlords of American commerce and industry at Pittsburgh as the guest of the president of a highly successful and eminently solvent railroad operation. I say this in accents of purest snobism, because just being an ordinary railroad president isn't such a much these days, but one who makes pots of money is to be prized above rubies.

John Barriger's Pittsburgh & Lake Erie, strictly a steel and heavy industrial carrier, is one of the few solvent components of the New York Central System. Its operations are a gold mine, and Richard B. Mellon, the Emperor of Pennsylvania and Protector of More Cash Assets Than You Can Count, takes off his hat to Mr. Barriger in passing.

Anyway, for an annual occasion of Saturnalia and horse-trading called The Traffic Club Dinner, which is roughly the Pittsburgh equivalent of the Spring Rendezvous of the Mountain Men at Green River in 1830, I was ensconced in the Penn-Sheraton Hotel, given a guest card to the Duquesne Club, and asked to a series of flag-raising, balls, hoe-downs, cocktail hoistings and private conferences of bank presidents that began at breakfast and

ran far, far into the night for three solid days.

Railroad presidents may not be of the old heroic mold of Jim Hill, who would climb down from his business car and spell an extra gang worker with a snow shovel to get his train through the drifts, but at table and the bar they are still the peers of Henry VIII and Cardinal Wolsey, who are always depicted throwing swan carcasses and empty magnus of Bollinger under the table.

It's been a long time since, as a youth, I sometimes accompanied my father to similar convocations of the banking mighty and the industrial omnipotent, and I must report that change is abroad in the land, and not especially of a reassuring nature either.

When I first began to notice such things railroad presidents could be identified not only by their bold-wing collars, large Havannah Puros and cavalry colonel mustaches, but by a certain assurance with which they commanded what they wanted. An almost godlike magnifico of my Boston youth was Frederick H. Prince, an associate of Frick and Mellon, who carried a riding whip to business meetings and once knocked a groom senseless with a polo mallet for riding him down on his private polo field.

In Pittsburgh I found myself surrounded by presidents, executive vice presidents and chairmen of the board, many of whom, I regret to report, wore no waistcoats, called inferiors by their first names and slapped financial reporters on the back. The principal topic of conversation at this particular rendezvous of the fur trade was, obviously, the impending multi-billion dollar merger of the Central and Pennsylvania Railroads.

Yet here were men of great substance involved in a massive financial operation, meeting together on the common ground of cold pheasant sandwiches and Martinis in a good will festival that, late in the evening, achieved approximately the exalted level of a college reunion.

It baffled identification or proper evaluation, and I was glad that the greatest financial reporter of his generation, Clarence Barron, wasn't there to see it. Mr. Barron owned and published The Wall Street Journal. He wore the glossiest top hat in New York and did his own financial sleuthing when his staff couldn't get a story, and his bifurcated beard was an oriflame of high finance generally.

Mr. Barron, a big eater. ate

himself each year through six progressively larger dinner suits and when he couldn't get into the largest of them took three months at Battle Creek before starting over again. Pheasant sandwiches and Martinis wouldn't have held him up.

Few of the railroad presidents clustered in the bars of the Duquesne Club like autumn leaves on Valombrosa looked the part. Almost none acted it.

The one spectacular exception to this endless vista of calculated mediocrity was Fred B. Whitman, president of the Western Pacific, who, like Richard Corey in the Robinson poem, glitters when he walks and looks like a casting agency chairman of the board. Mr. Whitman is a Harvard man. On the second day of the Traffic Club bash, he borrowed somebody's business car and left. "I'm going to New York and get stiff," he said. "Perhaps in the Times Square subway station at rush hour where it's more exclusive."

As a final footnote to the estate of railroad presidents nowadays, I should add that at the magnificent collation spread at the Duquesne Club by Wierton Steel, as a prelude to the big dinner that was the payoff of the Traffic Club, the bloated industrialists polished off mountains of food that suggested an army foraging through hostile country rather than the butlered bon ton trifling with the plover's eggs.

The buffet that got the biggest play was one where four stalwart carvers were cutting up enormous mounds of wonderful corned beef for hot sandwiches on rye. "Won't get anything like this for another year," muttered the president of a mainline carrier that shall be nameless. "Better eat up, I say, while you can."

Times are indeed parlous.

AFTER HOURS By John Morley

## The Case for Women's Superiority Over Man

KANSAS CITY—For years here and abroad I have been hearing from eminent anthropologists that women were naturally superior to men. In this short space I propose to review their case of woman's natural superiority.

The word "superior" will be considered here in its common usage . . . like superior quality, superior stock, superior performance, etc. This superiority is not applicable to certain kinds of performance, such as hitting home runs or running the ends . . . or lifting a 1,000-pound iron bar, even though women have been known to lift 1,000-pound bars.

Women's superiority is mental, chemical; superior in internal functions; reasoning, understanding of life and its meaning. In other words, woman is a superior functioning human being.

This feminine superiority is more evident today than at the time of Plato and Da Vinci, for women in the old days were prevented from emulating a Plato or a Da Vinci. But in modern times they have produced Nobel Prize winners: Pearl Buck, Irene Joliet Curie, Gertie Gory, Sigrid Undset, Selma Lagerlof, Grazia Deledda, Gabriela Mistral and others. They produced Mary Cassatt whose contemporaries in art considered her superior to even Degas and Manet.

But the superiority of women is not reflected in the achievement of medals and honors. They are smart enough to leave most of this to men. Their superiority lies in the way they think and plan . . . their ability to endure greater pain . . . their ability to "adjust" . . . their ability to survive more than men under the pressure of the elements.

In covering the starving areas of the world we have seen the female invariably survive the male. The "weaker-sex" theory is a feminine invention. It appears they prefer the male to feel superior, especially in lifting boxes or repairing roofs. Who really likes to lift boxes, repair roofs or crawl under the plumbing to stop a leak, anyway?

The key to woman's natural superiority is in her biological and chemical makeup. Anthropologists have told me that feminine chromosomes are superior to masculine. These small cellular bodies, which contain the secrets of heredity—the genes—determine to a large degree how we all turn out.

In the sex cells, for instance, we are told there are 24 chromosomes, but only one is a sex chromosome. There are two chromosomes, Y and X. Half the sperm cells carry Y and half carry X chromosomes. All female ova are made of X chromosomes—so when an X-bearing sperm fertilizes an ovum, the child is always female . . . a Y—the child is always male.

Why is this significant? Because the male Y chromosome is but a discarded bit of the X chromosome. The female X chromosome is a strong fully-developed structure, the male Y is a weak underdeveloped structure.

This is why the baby is so dependent by nature on the female for its early existence. It is this chromosome deficiency in man that prevents him from having babies. The fact that men cannot have babies is only the beginning of a long series of events through life which prove feminine natural superiority.

The maternal influence of woman and her natural sexual influence, is confirmed in all history. There is nothing more coveted in the world than woman.

The female is more humane. The love of mother and child transcends human imagination. In short, woman begins with the extraordinary superiority in human relationships and understanding denied the male.

Men admit great difficulty in understanding women, but women understand men like an open book. What is referred to as "feminine indecision" may only be a kind of reflection on the impulsiveness of the male. Any salesman will admit his preference for the male customers, because females are better buyers and take longer to make up their minds.

Compare the involvement of the female and male in love and marriage. The love of a woman for a man is much more all-encompassing than of the man for the woman.

Women are creators of life. Men are notoriously hostile to life. Men create war and human misery. If it were up to women, there would never be another war.

Aggressiveness is natural with men . . . but also a weakness. They use their fists and

their guns because of their impatience with the laws of nature. It is precisely the un-aggressiveness of woman and her greater capacity for love and understanding that proves her superior.

It appears to be a major function of woman to teach man to be human. It is not farfetched to assume that the "hand that rocks the cradle" is capable of "rocking mankind." It falls on the woman, who creates life, to guide that life.

Every woman does not realize her own strength and importance. Too many are willing to accept the fallacy that they are inferior to men, even though they see what a mess man has made of the world.

But this is changing, for women are becoming aware that war destroys their men and their security and their natural birthright to marriage. Bigger bombs consume a bigger toll of their security.

Whatever man is or does is because a mother or some woman influenced him. The best that men can do in these nuclear times is to help women realize their own power and influence. We don't know of a better way that the world can come to its senses. For a good man is but the workmanship of a good woman.

Hoppe in Wonderland

## In Stout Defense Of Robert Welch

Art Hoppe

Let's be just. Above all, let's observe the American tradition of fair play. When people are unfairly accused, we must defend them, no matter what the price in popular esteem. As for me, I want to state categorically, here and now, that whatever others may believe, I do not think Mr. Robert Welch is a Communist. It's the least I can do.

The reason I wish to do my least and defend Mr. Welch is because nobody else is.

It used to be that just the Liberals and Moderates were against him. You know, they'd write articles like this one in the Catholic magazine, *American*. "Applying Welch's own principle of inversion, a perfect case can be made out for the thesis that Welch himself is a Communist, so much has he helped the Red cause in the United States."

And the Conservatives used to say: "Well, some of my best friends (and constituents) are Birchers. And while Mr. Welch may go a little far . . ." You know, a spirited defense.

But now the responsible Conservatives have dumped him too. All of a sudden, Mr. Goldwater says we can no longer put up with all this "political silliness." And Mr. William Buckley of the solidly right *National Review* spends five pages taking Mr. Welch apart. Winding up with: "Our opinion is that Robert Welch is damaging the cause of anti-communism." And there you have that insinuation again.

Personally, I think it's great the Conservatives have given Mr. Welch the old heave-ho. He wasn't helping the responsible Right any. And a democracy can't fly on one wing. I figure Mr. Goldwater and Mr. Buckley have many stimulating things to say. Just like Mr. Norman Thomas or Mr. Gus Hall. And we ought to listen to all of them. But it's kind of tough on Mr. Welch.

With the Liberals, Moderates and Conservatives against him, who's he got left? Me. That's who.

First of all, I wish to point out that there's not one shred of evidence linking Mr. Welch to the Communist conspiracy. Not directly.

True, he's a known associate of numerous one-time, card-carrying Communists of the Elizabeth Bentley-Whitaker Chambers variety. But at most, this would merely indicate Mr. Welch used to be a Communist and quit the party. Or went underground.

Nor let us pillory him simply because he follows the Communist party line. Like opposing U.N. intervention in the Congo. I say if he wants to follow the Communist party line hook and sinker, that's his business.

Perhaps he does sow discord and dissension. As Mr. Lenin ordered his followers to do. Does that prove he's a Communist? Definitely? Nonsense. Men of other political persuasions might very well do the same. Like Anarchists or Nihilists, for example.

I could go on and on. But it's clear there's no proof Mr. Welch is a card-carrying Communist. None that will stand up in court. And, anyway, I've found defending people so exciting that I've started work on a new book called: "Why I Don't think Governor Faubus Is an Atheist."

Meanwhile, all I ask of Mr. Welch is that he refrain from rushing around to thank me. After all, it wasn't personal. I sprang to his defense only because of our American traditions of fair play. Which I'm sure he'll understand. Besides, groveling gratitude always gets me all embarrassed.

Abe Mellinkoff

## Morning Report:

There may be a lot of good arguments against the Administration's plan to start a Department of Urban Affairs. But I don't buy the House Republican report that the new department would rob us city people of our independence.

Farmers are very independent and they have the Department of Agriculture. And so are businessmen and they have the Department of Commerce.

What's more, no new department can take away the independence of us city dwellers. Because we don't have it to take. Why, we can't cross a street until the light turns green. And we can't even add a privy to the house until eighteen inspectors say it's "O.K."